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BRIGHT WORDS OF A
BRAVE, TRUE SPIRIT



BRIGHT WORDS OF A BRAVE, TRUE SPIRIT

BY

ANNA BEDINGER CORNWALL

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PREFACE BY

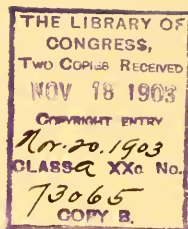
SARAH JERUSHA CORNWALL

AUTHOR OF "ROSES AND MYRTLES"



NEW YORK
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1904



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W.M.V., Oct 31, 1921

TO
OUR BELOVED
FATHER AND MOTHER

The taste for writing is inherited. Our father, the Rev. Nathaniel Ellsworth Cornwall, D.D., being the author of "Music as it Was and as it Is" and of a number of essays, and our mother, Susan Peyton Cornwall, the author of "The Finland Family" and of several short stories.

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PREFACE.

THE name of the author of this volume of poems, Anna Bedinger Cornwall, brings to the minds of all who knew her a recollection of all that is lovely in woman.

A most attractive beauty, a strong and brilliant intellect, and a brave, warm, loving heart, united with a wonderful fund of information and a sparkling wit and flow of repartee and a magnetic charm in conversation which caused all with whom she conversed to forget everything but her and the topics with which she entertained them.

For those who like to know something of the associations and family of an author, I will say here that the first of her ancestors of the name of Cornwall, in America, was one of the earliest set-

tlers of New England, his name being on the records of the year 1633. In England he was a Cavalier and an officer of the body-guard of King Charles I.

He received a grant of land in Connecticut for his services in fighting the Indians, the Pequots.

The father of our author, the Rev. Nathaniel Ellsworth Cornwall, D.D., a clergyman of the Episcopal Church, derived his middle name from his mother, who was an Ellsworth of the family of Oliver Ellsworth and was descended from some of the oldest and best-known New England families—Ellsworth, Edwards, Moseley, Foote, Stoddard, and Downing, Emanuel Downing, the earliest ancestor in this country having married Lucy Winthrop, sister of John Winthrop, the first governor of the Massachusetts Colony.

Her grandfather, Cornwall, was also a clergyman of the Episcopal Church. Her maternal ancestors

were brave patriots of the Revolution. Her great-grandfather, Col. Robert Rutherford, of Virginia, after faithful service in the Revolutionary War, was elected to the third and fourth Congress, serving from 1793 to 1797. He was born in Scotland in 1728, was educated at the Royal College, Edinburgh. He took an active part in establishing American Independence and also in the politics of the early days of the Republic.

Her grandfather, Major Daniel Bedinger, of Virginia, entered the Army of the Revolution in 1776 and continued in active service until the dismissal of the army. He was a member of the Society of the Cincinnati.

I have placed in this volume two pictures of my sister Anna Bedinger Cornwall, one taken when she was fifteen years of age, the other at a later period, also a view of the home of her childhood.

In presenting her poetry to the world of readers

I feel that I am offering them a treat which they will appreciate and think it much to be regretted that there is not more of it. Had she possessed a larger share of selfishness, there surely would have been, but her whole life was a marvel of self-abnegation and devotion of love to those allied to her by close family ties.

Her acrostics are an art in themselves, but when a brilliant mind entertains itself with any matter, the product can not fail to give pleasure to those who have the opportunity to enjoy it.

During nine long years of confinement to the house from extreme weakness of the heart, able to sit up for only a few moments at a time, for the last year scarcely at all, she always received her friends with such pleasure and exerted herself so much to entertain them, that they never could realize her weakness and trials.

Except her "Music Fiend," which was published

some years ago in a Philadelphia paper and reprinted all over the country from Boston to San Francisco, nearly all of her poems were written during the last few years of her long illness.

She delighted in music and played with great skill and rare taste on the piano.

There is such a brilliant originality, wit, and humor, such genuine human interest and true, deep pathos in my sister's writings, that we echo the wish which she herself expressed when she said:

"I wish I had begun to write sooner, there are so many things I could have written about." We must always regret our loss in this regard. But, although my sister had not written poetry, she had always, in the spirit of patriotism and philanthropy which she had inherited, greatly enjoyed contributing to the daily papers short prose articles on events and topics of general interest.

These articles were always gladly welcomed and printed, sometimes with her initials or full name and often without either.

It gave her much pleasure to feel that she had so often exerted a good influence on public sentiment, but, with the lack of literary vanity which so strongly characterized her, she never preserved any copies of these articles, or if she preserved them, I have failed to find them.

As the collection of my dear sister's writings will make but a small volume, I have, with a view of making a larger volume, placed in an Appendix a few of my own.

SARAH JERUSA CORNWALL.

BRIGHT WORDS OF A
BRAVE, TRUE SPIRIT

HAPPY NEW YEAR.

HAIL to the glorious coming year,
All former years excelling;
Peace ever be within thy walls,
Plenty within thy dwelling;
Yea, may thy life be happy!

Never beset by care or pain,
Each day new joys attending,
While on the year is wending.

Yes, as the minutes onward fly,
Each laden with its own good cheer,
And every hour that passes by
Rounds out a "Happy New Year,"
New Year,
Rounds out a "Happy New Year."

SALEM.

HISTORICAL POEM.

My fore-bears dwelt in Salem town,
In Salem town, in Salem town,
Where suspect witch in water cast
Was left to swim, perchance to drown,
In Salem town.

Did they but drown to heaven they went
And all was well, so sages tell;
But did they swim or float, why then
From hell they came and thither must
At once return, in everlasting flame to burn.
Such was the worshipful decree
Of wiseacres of high degree
In Salem town.

And then, to make assurance sure,
They burned them in the market-place,
Where all could see them face to face.
In sixteen hundred ninety-two
Nineteen poor tortured frames whose souls
Instant were writ in heaven's scrolls.

Can you conceive such deeds were done
In name of Father and of Son?
Deeds which the soul of man affright,
And give the Devil keen delight;
Accursed deeds whose ghastly light
On the fair city cast a blight.

E'en now, where'er you chance to roam,
Be it afar or near at home,
Let but this city's name be heard
Back in your teeth is cast the word; Salem!
Ah, that is where they burned as witches,

Flinging their bones in caves and ditches,
Neighbors as true as you or I,
Who for no crime were doomed to die.
A city good to leave alone,
Where human hearts are hard as stone.

But times are changed, and now, I ween,
In Salem's pleasant streets are seen
The kindest folk whose every thought
Is with their neighbors' welfare fraught;
Who feel they cannot do enough
To smooth life's path, oft hard and rough.
And now once more in good renown
Is Salem town, fair Salem town.

AMERICAN EAGLE.

AN ACROSTIC.

AMERICA! Glorious land of the free!
Mankind throughout the world turning to thee,
Eagerly waiting—yes, longing to view
Right against might successfully sue;
In distant countries and every zone
Captives released from a long thralldom own,
As they emerge from the power of a throne,
No other nation true freedom has known.

Emblem of happiness, liberty, life,
At thy appearance vanisheth strife;
Gladly thou'rt welcomed on land and on sea,
Loud are the cheers resounding for thee,
Eagle! thou herald undaunted and free.

THE MUSIC FIEND.

Music to right of us,
Music to left of us,
Music in front of us,
Six like a hundred!

In the flat under us,
In the flat over us,
Oh it was wonderful
How they all thundered!

Music both fast and slow,
Music for heel and toe,
Music for weal or woe,
And they all blundered!

AULD ROBIN GRAY'S FAREWELL
TO HIS WIFE.

COME sit you by my side, love,
For I am like to dee;
I'm lyin' on my deathbed,
And soon you will be free.

Young Jamiè lo'ed ye weel, Jean—
Think you I cou'dna see?
But when your heart was sair, Jean,
Ye were gude wife to me.

So when you're left your lane, Jean,
Wi' bairnie by your side,
Greet not o'er lang for me, love,
Or think that I wad chide,

But rise and gang wi' Jamie
When he seeks you for his bride.

Your "tocher" is the cot, love,
With beasties in the byre,
And you will teach our bairn, love,
To think upon her sire.

So dinna fear my wraith, Jean,
For it ye'll never see;
For when your heart was sairest
You aye were gude to me.

ROSE HILL.

ROSE HILL! what thronging thoughts thy name
doth bring!

Of childhood's early days the happiest past,
Sweet memories of thy charms will ever cling
Enshrined in deepest recess of my heart.

Here sheltered from the noisy, wearing world,
In peaceful tasks the hours glide gently by;
Love, watchful, guides the steps of those who roam;
Love waiting at the hearthstone welcomes home.

EVOLUTION OF OLD FORTY-SECOND
STREET RESERVOIR INTO A
PUBLIC LIBRARY.

I STEPPED within the "danger line,"
I gathered up this clinging vine,
I bore it home, its leaves I pressed,
While they to me these words addressed
Which I in turn have here expressed:
"When vines first grew upon this wall,
The city was not here at all.
Here farms and gardens did abound
And apple blossoms strewed the ground;
Cherry and pear trees decked in white
Combined to give the eye delight,

While small boys felt unholy glee
Dreaming what fun there soon would be
In stealing ripening fruit from tree.
The bustling city with its stores
Was then located on the shores
Of New York's far-famed glorious bay,
From whence great ships sailed far away,
Returning, after many a day,
Well laden all, both deck and hold,
With cargo meant for young and old.
Of useful things a goodly share,
Rich silks and shawls for ladies fair;
For lords and masters best of brandy,
Which also for mince pies came handy.

“All this was very fine indeed,
But of fresh water there was need;
For man and beast on ocean's brink,
Not being fish, brine cannot drink.

Most families possessed a well,
But in the summer none can tell,
When rain falls not and sun is high,
That wells and pumps will not be dry;
And surely it would be a pity
To see a growing, goodly city
Reduced to such extreme distress,
When somewhere in the wilderness
Plenty of water there must be
To comfort toilers by the sea.

“The City Fathers then began
To look about and form a plan
Would suit each wary Alderman.
Away up in the Empire State,
Nestling among the peaceful hills,
Where sparkled many brooks and rills,
Reposed a lake, fair Croton lake,
Destined New Yorkers’ thirst to slake.

The waters of that lake soon flowed
Through unknown regions many a mile
Till it was housed within this pile;
Then onward still pure Croton flowed
Through every avenue and street,
Beneath the toilers' hurrying feet,
To quiet home and busy mart,
As can be shown by old-time chart,
And all New York by tongue and pen
Rejoiced and thanked those Aldermen.

“The years flew by, as years will do,
The goodly city grew and grew;
Children played round the Reservoir,
There lovers murmured ‘Au revoir.’
The Battery was left behind;
When you went there your friends to find
You found them hied to ‘pastures new,’
Whence they the Central Park could view.

“Houses sprang up in solid blocks
Where erstwhile had been naught but rocks,
The Reservoir was quite too small
To meet the daily needs of all.

“The City Fathers met again,
Straightway decided there and then
The Reservoir had served its day,
For other things it must make way.

“This structure once so useful found
Should now be leveled with the ground,
And in its place upreared should be
A building, stately, fair to see,
For which all studious minds were yearning—
A very fount of wit and learning
Where all could quench the thirst for knowledge
Acquired by much hard work at college.
Where future ‘Profs’ and other sages,

Having imbibed the lore of ages,
Could think it over for themselves,
And store it fresh on waiting shelves.

“Books where ideas have slight connection,
Others the fruit of much reflection.
Here, in the century now at hand,
Pilgrims shall come from every land
To drink from the Pierian spring
Enshrined in public library.”

AN OLD NEW YORK COTTAGE.

How pleasant in New York to meet
With such a cozy, snug retreat,
Secluded from the busy street
By something less than sixty feet,
Where, entering in our friends to greet,
We welcomed are with accents sweet,
And smiles which also plainly say:
We're glad to see you any day.

THE TYRO AND THE BICYCLE.

A TYRO a bicycle essayed to ride,
The first rut they came to the bicycle shied,
And then with a great rock was fain to collide;
The wheel, being high-metaled, suffered no hurt;
The rider, less fortunate, rolled in the dirt.
His ankle he sprained, he wrenched his side,
Had he fractured his skull he would surely have
died.

MORAL:

When riding a bicycle learn its weak points,
Or else you'll be nursing some very weak joints.

WINDS.

RUNNING before the wind,
Scudding before the blast,
Whatever way the wind doth blow,
We'll surely reach some port at last,
Or go to the bottom.

Blow high, blow low,
Old Boreas blow!
Till timbers bend and break.
We're tossed about,
The storms us flout,
And even stout hearts quake.

Sowing the wind seems easy to do;
But reaping the whirlwind,
All tares and brambles,

And hairbreadth scrambles,
Is a very poor crop
When a man gets through.

Raising the wind is another hard job,
Which, blindly pursued,
Often leads men to rob
And die in disgrace.

From false winds of doctrine
Pray to be freed;
Good sense and grace are then
What you most need,
Poor reed.

It is an ill wind that blows no good,
Has always been well understood;
So let us now both hope and pray
Some of the good will come our way
And stay.

FINANCITIS.

FINANCITIS is a strain
ON the very, very average brain
Of the average millionaire.

Poor millionaire!

Financitis, dread disease,
Afflicts the millionaire at ease.

Poor millionaire!

He sits apart in his favorite chair,
His mind brimful of worry and care,
With thinking how best himself to please,
Also to tease
His family, friends and every heir.

Poor millionaire!

Yes; Financitis is a drain
ON the very, very average brain

Of the average millionaire.

He will not waste or give a cent,
For fear sometime he may be meant

By and by

Perhaps to die

In the poorhouse.

Poor millionaire!

He'll give no struggling brother a lift,
Nor striving woman a help toward thrift,
Lest sometime he be left adrift

By and by

Perhaps to die

In the poorhouse.

Poor millionaire!

Ah! Financitis is a strain

On the very, very average brain
Of the average millionaire.

Poor millionaire!

THE ROUGH AND READY.

A SAILOR'S SONG.

Our ship she is the Rough and Ready,
Her hull is tight, her captain steady,
And as the ship so is her crew,
For it is rough and ready too;
Old "salts" they're true grit through and
 through,
There's nothing bold they will not do
When heavens are black and lightning blue.

CHORUS:

So here's the health of all who roam,
And may they anchor safe at home!

When raging tempests roar and scream,
Destruction threatening every beam,
Old ocean straining every seam;
Waves dashing furious over deck,
While every sign portends a wreck,
They'll bail a leak, they'll fight a fire,
They'll climb till they can climb no higher.

CHORUS:

So here's the health of all who roam,
And may they anchor safe at home!

When naught can stand before the blast
We nail our colors to the mast;
To ropes and spars cling hard and fast,
Resolved that, long as timbers last,
We'll stick to Rough and Ready, oh!

CHORUS:

So here's the health of all who roam,
And may they anchor safe at home!

We've voyaged North, we've voyaged South,
From polar seas to Ganges' mouth;
We've navigated East and West,
And home's the port which suits us best:
Where wife and dear ones safely sleep
While we are battling with the deep.
Our perils great, our comforts small,
With hearts no danger can appall.

CHORUS:

So here's the health of all who roam,
And may they anchor safe at home!

And when at last we're homeward bound,
How gladly welcomed is the sound,
Descending from the foretop-mast:

Land ho!

Each echoing voice takes up the cry,

Land ho!

The captain hears it far below,
And in the twinkling of an eye
Skips up on deck with glass in hand,
Alert to scan the sighted land.

CHORUS:

So here's the health of all who roam,
And may they anchor safe at home!

From then until we go ashore
Each sailor sorts his treasures o'er,
Laying aside this, that and t'other,
This piece for father, that for mother:

The best for wife, for children these,
Sure in his heart that all will please.
And when we're safely moored at wharf,
We all line up for "'arf and 'arf."

CHORUS:

So here's the health of all who roam,
And may they anchor safe at home!

ACROSTIC.

WAR.

WOE stalks with thee, ensanguined war,
And while to Heaven hearts breaking cry
Rest heroes far in hallowed graves!

PEACE.

Peace, blessed peace, where hast thou fled?
Efface the blood which war has shed;
Assuage our grief for loved ones slain;
Come, gentle peace, and with us reign
Exulting in our honored dead.

LATIN COUGH.

AN OLD FOE WITH A NEW NAME.

OF all the ills which flesh is heir to
To force from the Present into the where-to;
The surest of all to carry you off
Is the Hic hoe Latin cough,
Bound sooner or later to carry you off.

Hic hoe

Latin cough.

You have heard of the Roman fever of old,
Of the yellow fever, cruel and bold—
Both these may leave you stark and cold;
But the surest of all to carry you off



Is the real old-fashioned Latin cough,

Hic hoec

Latin cough,

Bound sooner or later to carry you off,

Hic hoec hoc.

There are other ailments meant to kill;

But the surest of all to fill the bill

For capacity,

Voracity,

Mendacity,

Is the real old-fashioned Latin cough,

Hic hoec

Latin cough,

Bound sooner or later to carry you off.

Hic hoec hoc.

Some ills, like dogs, "must have their day,"

They do their worst then sneak away;

But the Latin cough is here to stay,
And sooner or later to carry you off.

Hic hoe

Latin cough,
Bound sooner or later to carry you off.

Hic hoe hoc.

BIRTHDAY WISHES.

DID I possess an ancient wizard's power,
Around thy pathway choicest gifts I'd shower;
Roses should blossom on the rough incline
Of life, and every blessing should be thine.

A BALLAD.

I KNEW a maid quite fair to see;
This maiden was as fair and free
As you or I could ever be!

This village maid a lover had—
A stalwart, steady, likely lad;
And yet he made her parents mad.
So the poor girl was very sad
Because her parents were not glad.

One day the lover did unfold
A plan which first appeared so bold
She shrank away in sore affright,
Then hailed it with supreme delight.

Next day her parents stern she left,
And ere they knew themselves bereft,
And left alone full sadly wept;

Straight to the river's edge she flew,
Arriving there was lost to view;
Into the friendly stream she sank,
Then, swimming, reached the further bank

Emerging on the other side,
Her sweetheart met her and they hied
Unto the nearest priest, who tied
The knot which made a happy bride.

Her father, while he sought a boat
Which on the water safe would float,
Pinned to a tree espied a note,
On reading which he did discover
How vain it is to thwart a lover;
For, as the meanest worm will turn,
So will the lover whom you spurn.

Back to his home at once he ran;
Arriving there a wiser man,
He with his wife arranged a plan.

When, having crossed the Rubicon,
Mabel returned home anon,
Attended by her faithful John,
Her parents, feeling they had made
Quite fuss enough, their sense displayed
By setting John up in his trade.

So, long they lived and well they throve,
And as they lived so did they love,
Nor ever with each other strove.

VALENTINE.

AN ACROSTIC.

Written for February 14th.

Vows to Cupid are the rage,
As with siren so with sage.
Love is lurking everywhere,
Escapades are in the air.
None escape the archer's skill,
Test your armor as you will,
In love's conflicts it is "nil."
Now let each heart choose a mate,
Eagerly defying fate.

ARBUTUS.

AN ACROSTIC.

ARBUTUS! loveliest harbinger of Spring,
Rude Boreal winds to us sweet perfumes bring
By which we know that thou art hiding near,
Unseen beneath the melting snow which lingers.
Thrusting aside cold leaves with stiffened fingers,
Uncover we at last thy fragrant flowers,
Sunlight awaits thee, and soft vernal showers.

BLANCHE SNOWDROP.

No fairer flower the gardens hold

Than the pure snowdrop of the fields
Which through the spring's long-lasting cold
Its beauty to our sight upyields.

Beloved by all who with her meet,

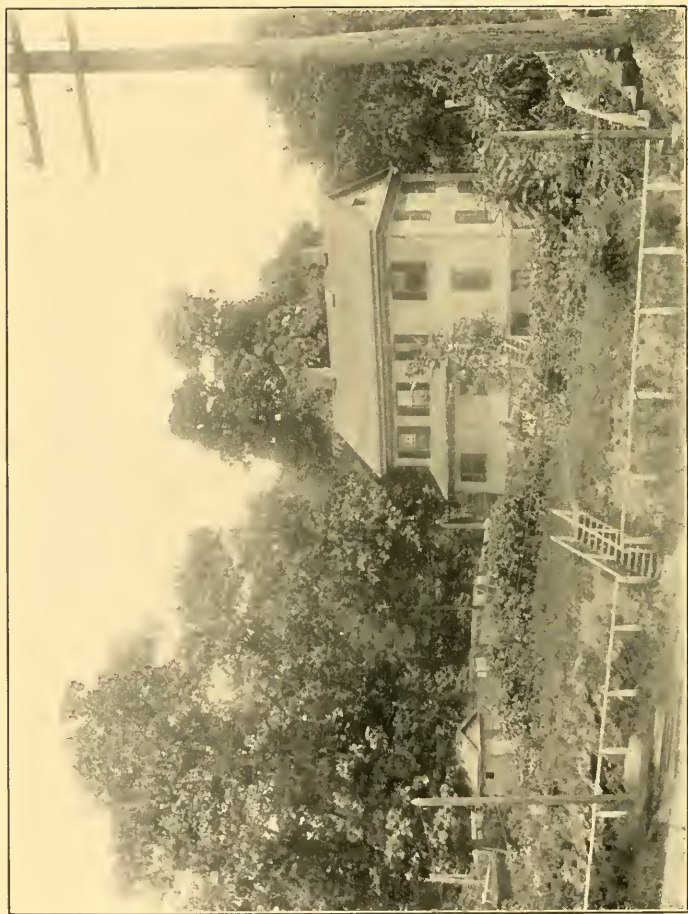
Lovely Blanche Snowdrop, human flower,
Each morning doth her neighbors greet,

New blessings on her head they shower.
Charmed by their words of kindly praise
Her heart responsive to each word
Goes smiling on from hour to hour.

MY HOME.

LOVELIEST spot on earth to me,
In which I wander fancy free,
No other place can elsewhere be,
Destined by fate to rival thee;
Enclosed within thy bounds I find
Nothing which does not please my mind.

Here have I lived devoid of care,
In thee are fortune's gifts most fair;
Love shields me round on every side;
Love will protect, whate'er betide.



HOME OF THE CHILDHOOD OF ANNA BEDINGER CORNWALL.

THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

HERE where my forefathers lived, loved and died,
In this fair woodland home calm I abide,
Lured to bright day-dreams by soft summer
 breeze,
Lulled to deep slumber by whispering trees.

Sharp the cold winter wind whistles around;
In my warm, cozy nook dulled is the sound;
Deeply I cherish this time-honored spot,
Envy no one, content with my lot.

UNTIL WE MEET AGAIN.

COMPANION dear
Of many a year,
Under the same roof-tree.

The time is near,
Companion dear,
When I must leave
The shelter of the old roof-tree.

You left behind
Will sorely grieve;
But never mind,
Companion dear,
The silence drear
Under the old roof-tree.

For soon will come
The gladsome day,
Happy day!
When you, too, will be called away,
And we forever will abide
Where neither care nor woe betide.

ROSE LEAVES.

A REMINISCENCE.

ROSE leaves so pale and faded now,
Once you adorned her lovely brow.
Sweet odors then you did exhale,
Exquisite scents from many a vale.

Love wooed her in the mazy dance,
Emboldened by a timid glance.
Alas! Love held too brief a sway,
Visions of radiance passed away.
E'en lovers fond hard fate can sever,
Sweet roses' perfume lingers ever.

INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF JIM CROW.

THERE once was a crow, a very good crow,
Which early was trained in the way he should go;
He was not the crow we all used to know,
That turned about, and wheeled about, and did
“just so.”

Nor was he the crow that mourned for “cock
robin”

When all birds of the air were “a-sighin’ and sob-
bin’,”

But a fine clever bird of the true genus *corvus*;
Corvus! A word which, as all well know,
Is a very old Latin name for crow.

“Jim” talked, but he swore not; “Good morning,”
he said,

And also, “Good evening” on going to bed;

And many more words Jim Crow did know,
"Mamma," "Papa," "Hurrah!" "Hello!"

When on Kate's head he trotted high,
He laughed and called, "Good-by, by, by."
When stray dogs through the gate would roam,
He'd croak "Bow-wow, go home, go home!"
If you to him a penny gave,
Instinct not teaching him to save,
He slipped it in the "Mission Box,"
To buy the heathen shoes and frocks.

His lady's work-basket was his favored toy,
In tossing its contents he found his chief joy.
When taxed with this mischief, he'd blink his
 bright eyes,
Then would chuckle as if exceedingly wise,
But never acknowledge by nod of his head
That he knew what had tangled her spools and her
 thread.

His mistress to church went on Thanksgiving Day,
To sing the loud anthem and also to pray;
But not wishing Jim Crow to follow to church,
She thoughtfully left him at home on his perch.
This did not chime in with Jim Crow's little plan,
So at a safe distance he after her ran,
Till feeling sufficiently far from his home,
He full in her sight did boldly come.

She quickly seized him by the neck
His onward course toward church to check.
A neighbor saw the lady's plight,
Said he, "Miss Jane, it will be all right;
I'll shut him in my barn just here,
Where he can stay till you appear."

No sooner said than done, poor Jim
In neighbor's barn was shut by him.
Now, whether Jim in his mind's eye

Saw "piping hot" a blackbird pie
And fearing crow might do as well,
Took prompt French leave, no one can tell;
But when "Miss" came to let him out
Jim Crow had fled without a doubt.
Yes, surely gone was good Jim Crow;
If I learn more I'll let you know.

TOBACCO.

WHAT more does a sensible woman require
Than getting up early to cook at the fire?
How charming the baby to watch and to tend,
The parlor to sweep and the stockings to mend;
To see that the dinner is done to a turn,
That windows are washed and that puddings don't
burn.

And then, if one wishes to move in society,
What food for the mind to prepare a variety
Of jewels just suited for parties and balls,
Of dresses for concerts and bonnets for calls?
If yet any woman cries "'Tis not enough—
I pine for new duties!" Why, then let her puff
At the meerschaums which in her lord's sanctum
abound,

Since in smoking alone is true happiness found.
This duty, first borrowed from Indian and Turk,
Is one which few masculine Christians e'er shirk;
Yet men in some countries so selfish have been,
What on them was incumbent, in woman was sin.
'Tis time for us men to reflect on this matter;
If smoke leads to heaven, then don't let us flatter
Ourselves that we only are of the elect,
But go with the ladies and help them select
The pipes and cigars best fitted for Beauty
To practise upon in this new line of duty.
But if we conclude that it all is a joke,
And smoking at last ends in nothing but smoke,
Don't you think we had better at once give it up,
Lay our meerschaums aside with decanter and
cup,
And strive with our wives and our daughters to
find
Some pleasure more fit for a rational mind!

OLD WOMAN WHO LIVED ON TEA.

CHORUS:

THERE was an old woman who lived on tea,
It made her as cross as cross could be.
No man was ever so cross as she,
This dreadful old woman who lived on tea!

If you offered her meat, no matter how sweet,
She would scorn it and say 'Tis not fit to eat;
If a pullet so fat, she'd cry, What's that?
I am sure I would rather eat my old cat!

CHORUS:

There was an old woman who lived on tea,
It made her as cross as cross could be.
No man was ever so cross as she,
This horrid old woman who lived on tea!

And when she was drest in her Sunday best
She loved to rest on an old tea-chest,
Admiring her kettles all in a row,
Which shone like the sun, she polished them so,
What she did it with I would like to know.

I never could get tea-kettle of mine
To shine as the dullest of hers would shine,
If I rubbed them hard from noon till nine.

CHORUS:

There was an old woman who lived on tea,
It made her as cross as cross could be.
No man was ever so cross as she,
This shocking old woman who lived on tea.

When she saw her neighbor across the way,
Who always took coffee for her "tay,"
She'd shake her head, "alack-a-day"

That any woman so strange could be
As not to love a cup of tea,
Is the queerest of all queer things to me!

CHORUS:

There was an old woman who lived on tea,
It made her as cross as cross could be.
No man was ever so cross as she,
This frightful old woman who lived on tea.

HIBERNIAN SONG.

SAINT PATRICK was a godly man,
An awesome man was he;
The snakes and toads before him ran
And leaped into the sea.

Saint Patrick was a holy man,
His fame will never die!
Beloved is he by high and low,
And ever may the shamrock grow
Where Erin's flag doth fly.

A KING OF CATS.

NEAR me there lives a pussy cat,
A pretty little pussy cat,
Who from her home delights to stray,
Seeking for kits with which to play.
She likes to bask among my flowers,
Thinking them meant for pussy cat bowers.
She flattens her nose 'gainst the window pane,
Asking to come in out of the rain;
But I make my heart as adamant,
Saying, go away, pussy, come in you can't.
A little further up this street
You'll come to the house of a lady sweet
Who loves with all stray cats to meet.

She'll feed you well on liver and milk,
And send you home as soft as silk.

Her house it is no larger than mine,
Her heart no sooner responds to a whine,
But I have a splendid yellow cat—
A yellow cat, just think of that!

A king is he above all cats,
And also lord of mice and rats.
He will not suffer rat or mouse
To roam at random through his house,
And when a stray cat seeks a dinner,
He pounces on him for a sinner;
He tries to rend him limb from limb,
Sending him home in sorry trim,
With tail erect and fur all flying,
Thankful if he is saved from dying.

So, pussy, when you wish to stray,
Seeking for kits with which to play,

Don't stop here for my cat to eat,
But wander further up this street,
Till you come to the house of the lady sweet.
She'll feed you well on liver and milk,
And send you home as soft as silk.

A BREAKFAST.

WOULD you best of bread devour,
You must use the best of flour;
Bake your bread at least an hour,
Then it never will be sour.

If you cream or butter need,
That you daintily may feed,
Choose them from the finest breed,
Herds where "Guernsey" takes the lead.

Do you coffee drink or tea?
Fragrant Mocha or Bo-hea,
Both of which have crossed the sea,
Will suffice for you and me.

Eat what viands you like most,
Muffins or hot buttered toast,
Fish or slice of good cold roast,
You a breakfast fine can boast.

WHICH DO YOU LIKE BEST?

WHENCE does the wind come and whither does it
blow?

Wherever it comes from we shall have snow.
When the wind is over, there will be a freeze,
Then we, one and all of us, will sneeze, sneeze,
sneeze!

In the gentle springtime, listen to the rain
As it splashes, dashes, 'gainst the window pane;
If it does not stop soon, there will be a flood,
And we'll all be plodding through the *mud, mud,*
mud!

Now comes on bright summer, with sometimes a
breeze!

Then 'tis very pleasant resting under trees;

But the blazing sunshine browns you like a crust,
And your wayside rambles are through dust, dust,
dust!

Here approaches autumn with the falling leaves,
And the thrifty farmer garnereth his sheaves;
All the woods around in gorgeous hues are dressed,
While apples in the cider-mills are pressed, pressed,
pressed!

THE BOWER.

AN ACROSTIC.

THE NAME OF A FRIEND'S COUNTRY SEAT.

THE principal word in this name to me
Has more or less of mystery,
The meaning of which I cannot see.

Bowers there are of different kinds,
Of course arranged for differing minds;
What right or left bower in truth may be
Exactly I know not, but this have long known,
Right here is "The Bower" wherein is my throne.

QUESTIONS.

OF children now, what shall I say?
That they are never tired of play?
Dear creatures made of smiles and tears,
Those little pitchers with big ears.

Shall I enlarge upon the joys
Of raising boys who will be boys—
Who wake the baby, kick our shins,
And scratch the table top with pins?

Or shall I sing in praise of girls—
Those beings bright with shining curls,
With ribbons blue and dresses white,
Who always know and do what's right?

I think I'll say, as parents will,
Children are sometimes good when still;
But when they romp and tear and shout,
You never know what they're about.

ALL FOOLS' DAY.

AN ACROSTIC.

APRIL THE FIRST, that worst of days,
Let all who travel heed their ways,
Look out, look sharp, nor stop to gaze.

For on that day each crafty boy
On mischief bent seeks, as decoy,
Old tricks the public to annoy.
Look not at the sham pocket-book,
Shun it as you would shun a spook.

Discreetly hasten on your way,
And when in bed with gladness say,
Yes, ended is this All Fools' Day!

QUINCE.

AN ACROSTIC.

QUINTESSENCE of fragrance,
Unrivalled of edibles,
Irresistible to mortals,
Nectar cannot vie with thee.
Ceres, bountiful goddess,
Excelled in thy production!

THANKSGIVING DAY.

ACROSTIC.

PRIZED by our ancestors,
Upon this festal day
Millions descended from
Pilgrims rejoice in thee;
Kindred and friends alike
In thy praise joining,
Never from thee to part.

Pride of our favored land,
In every household band
Each greets thee thankfully—
Pumpkin Pie!

THANKSGIVING DAY.

THANKSGIVING DAY, a joyous sound,
At which each heart gives quick rebound.
Then home we flock, both great and small,
Dear parents say, come one, come all,
The house is large and stowed with care,
There's room enough and some to spare.
Turkeys are fat, and chickens prime,
And we will have a "splendid time."
And when we think of mother's pie!
We all may try, and try, and try,
Yet never equal mother's pie.
So from all points we gladly troop,
Even the baby with the croup,
For change of air will do him good,
And some of grandma's infant's food,

On which her children all were raised
And living now, the Lord be praised!

Safely arrived, we elders talk
And note how well the babies walk.
While girls and boys in garret play
Just as we did in our day;
Then hasten down, enjoy their dinner,
And off to see which will be winner
In race to barn and there to play
Upon the mows of sweet, clean hay.
At night come games for young and old,
A story which has oft been told;
And so Thanksgiving Day is spent
In happy, loving merriment.

THE LAURELS.

AN ACROSTIC.

THESE wishes, Alida, for thee and for thine
Heartfelt are now offered by me and by mine,
Each wish newly gathered from friendship's fair
vine.

Lavish thy favors, Dame Fortune, just here,
All thy best treasures throughout the bright year;
Unfailing verdure this dear home surround,
Roses of choicest hue, birds of sweet sound,
Endless succession of blessings abound,
Loving companions to gladden the way,
Sunshine within on the dreariest day.

MISTLETOE, THE LOVER'S FRIEND.

AN ACROSTIC.

MAIDEN! dost thy wistful eye
In this overhanging bough
Signs of coming fate descry?
Tokens which the gods have shown?
Love who comes to claim his own?
Elves and fays of all degree
Thronging round this mystic tree,
On the watch for all heart free,
Ever wait and watch for thee.

MERRY CHRISTMAS.

AN ACROSTIC.

MERRY Christmas! Great and small,
Every voice repeat the call;
Ring out, bells, yes loudly ring,
Round the world glad tidings bring.
Yule-log burn and carols sing.

Christmas comes but once a year,
Holly bring and all good cheer;
Roast the boar's head, capon roast,
In brown ale your neighbor toast.
Spread goodwill and peace abroad,
That to-day the lowliest hind
Merry Christmas joys may find.
And forever more and more
Share thy blessings with the poor.

HOLLY.

CHRISTMAS ACROSTIC.

HAIL to the spiked Holly!
Of evergreens the chief.
Look at its glistening berries,
Look at its shining leaf.
Yes, Holly is the chief.

TURKEY.

CHRISTMAS ACROSTIC.

TIME was when this delicious bird,
Untamed, the hills and forests roamed.
Red men his virtues first discerned;
Kings and their courts since them have learned.
Expected now in cot and hall,
Yule-tide for him doth loudly call,

Turkey!

Turkey!

ACROSTIC.

PUMPKIN PIE.

PIE of the populace,
Upper crust needing not;
Made by descendants of
Pilgrims who dote on thee.
Kindred and foe alike
In thy praise joining,
No one to say thee nay.

Pie of our favored land
In every house and hand,
Each and all swear by thee,
Pumpkin Pie!

THANKSGIVING AND CHRISTMAS.

THANKSGIVING DAY is with the past!
Thanksgiving Day, time-honored feast,
When from the greatest to the least
All welcomed are at grandpa's board,
And inroads make on grandma's hoard
Of mellow apples, shining nuts,
And of her pies the choicest cuts.
Thanksgiving, as I say, is past,
But Christmas Day is coming fast,
And prized most because the last
Until the New Year has begun
Its round of holidays to run.
Then hail, Merry Christmas, so jocund and jolly,
With fir-tree and pine-tree and box-tree and holly;
With cedars of Lebanon leading the van,

With tidings of peace and goodwill to man.
All these and much more each Christmas doth
 bring,
Melodious anthems and carols to sing.
Come Christmas and banish all sorrow and sad-
 ness,
And fill every household with joy and with
 gladness.

“Merry Christmas.”

APOTHEGMS.

LOVE your neighbor as yourself,
Share with him your honest pelf;
All his virtues quickly see,
Then with you he will agree.
Do good to all within your reach,
But never to them prate or preach;
“Sermons in stones” one understands,
But not from stony hearts or hands.
Poor people have their hopes and wishes,
Yet most they need the loaves and fishes.
Therefore while you yourself do live,
See that to them you freely give;
The Lord loveth a cheerful giver,
Whether a saint or a high liver.

POEMS BY
SARAH JERUSHA CORNWALL.

LOST LOVE.

Oh! Love, love, love,
Whither is flown my love?
Up to the world above,
Where all things bright and fair
And gay
Hold sway,
Thither is flown my love.

Oh! weep, weep, weep,
A vigil keep
And weep.
Weep, weep, for that lost love
Gone to the world above,
And vigil keep
And weep.

Oh! Heart, heart, heart,
How bear thy hurt, sad heart?
Break, heart, and die
And fly
Up to that world above,
Whither is flown thy love.
Break, heart, and die.

SORROW.

Love, how my heart has sorrowed!

Sorrowed for many a day.

Not a fibre of gladness borrowed

From Joy on her sparkling way.

Now, in this gloom of longing,

Where darkens my loveless lot,

'Mid its host of memories thronging

Is not one where thou art not.

Love, how one message love-sent

From thee to my heart could give,

To my trembling spirit, grief-rent,

Strength to revive and live.

L. cf C.

THE WELL-BELOVED.

THE smile, the soft handclasp that blesses to-day,
When heart answers heart in love's unspoken way,
Enjoy while it lingers, enjoy while you may,
But doubt not the treasure is passing away.

With all the much-loved ones who greet us to-day
Be gentle, be tender, they're passing away.
A breath and a spark from life's bright vital ray,
And lo! the fair being has vanished away.

IN THE HOUR OF SILENT THOUGHT.

IN the hour of silent thought,
Ere that gentle sleep has brought
Her balm of soft oblivion nigh
To still the heart's impassioned cry,
For hours of pleasure long since sped,
For loves long vanished, lost or dead,
How crowd the phantoms, thick and fast,
That link us to the happy past!

In the hour of silent thought,
With lifetime memories inwrought
Of love and sorrow, joy and pain,
Upspringing in the faithful brain,
What depth of sadness fills the breast,
The soul, life-weary, longs for rest,
Yet doth she all her ardor bend
To do life's bidding to life's end.

EVANESCENT JOY.

ENJOY the love that life bestows
To fill the heart's fond yearning;
Full soon the day of bliss will close,
Bright life to darkness turning.

Then nevermore will vision fair
Alight with joyous love-beam,
Dispel the cloud of dark despair
Down-mantling o'er life's love-dream.

NO HEART WILL BREAK.

ALONE beside the bier where lies
My all, my love's one treasure
With bursting heart and tearless eyes
I fathom sorrow's measure.

Yet while my broken spirit feels
Full meted crushing sadness,
Across my soul's deep anguish steals
One thought of purest gladness:

That when upon my lonely bier
Death's silent sleep I'm taking,
No heart for me left mourning here
Will break and die in breaking.

RUSTLING BOUGHS.

THESE rustling boughs that blow
And changing beauties show,
 Now waving low,
 Now fast, now slow,
With changing winds that blow;

Like gentle souls that show
When winds of fortune blow,
 With joy, a glow,
 A gloom of woe,
As changing fortunes blow.

Blow, blow, ye rustling boughs,
And change like lovers' vows
 Your soughs and sighs
 Like lovers' lies.
Blow, blow, ye rustling boughs.

THE TULIP-TREE.

THIS tree is chosen by the orioles as their favorite in which to build their nests. Whole flocks of orioles take possession of these trees.

THE forest beauty, queenly tree,
Her lofty branches stretching free,
And spreading far their grateful shade
Upon an open, sunny glade.

Adorned with crown of blossoms quaint,
That mock the artist's skill to paint,
By nature toned in blending nice,
No gaud, no glare, no harsh device.

Each blossom glows with lights that meet
And blend in harmony complete,
While humming-bird and forest bee
Sip honey from the blooming tree.

A fortnight thus in state she shows,
Then doffs her crown for green repose.
When lo! with emulation fired,
A feathered flock in gold attired,
And glistening black with scarlet flecks,
Her boughs with fluttering beauty decks!

Those lovely birds may safely rest,
Each golden throat and scarlet crest,
For, bounteous as a sylvan queen,
Her ample foliage gives a screen,
A refuge for her helpless guests,
A shelter for their fragile nests,
Their little lives her branches shield,
And dainty, varied bird-food yield.

The forest queen, the tulip-tree,
How well-remembered comes to me
A vision of that sunny glade,
That cool, far-reaching, breezy shade,
The aromatic fragrance sweet,
The close-grown turf beneath our feet,
The chirp of bird-life overhead.
The rustic bounty freely spread
By smiling friends who welcomed me
To join their circle 'neath the tree,
And there, in true bucolic style,
To banquet and the hours beguile.

THE TREE SPARROWS.

A MERRY cock-sparrow aloft in a tree,
Proclaims in a twittering transport of glee,
Some sweet little birdies are coming to me
In my nest on a branch of this sycamore-tree.

A soft little feathery bundle of love,
His mate, twitters low, lightly brooding above
Her eggs, while the young birds, beginning to move,
Swell her heart with a flutter of bird-mother love.

And soon all the top of that sycamore-tree
Seems to twitter and twitter in transports of glee,
About those young twites lying helpless and wee
In the nest on a branch of the sycamore-tree.

A BIRTHDAY SONNET FOR BABY.

WHILE lightning rent the frowning sky
And thunders wildly broke on high
In peals that made the boldest quail;
We heard a newborn infant's wail.
A plaintive note of joy on earth
Which bade us hail our baby's birth—
This perfect bud of human life
Unfolded midst the stormwind's strife,
With eyes which in their lovely hue
Have garnered all heaven's storm-chased blue
And soul, which with a peace serene
Twelve months' unruffled calm has seen,
May never life's discordant powers
O'ercloud with grief her sunny hours.

THEFT OF THE LACE.

A RARE old lace of finest web
And delicate design,
From dame to daughter handed down
Along an ancient line;

Now, washed by gentle hands and so
With caution laid to dry,
But left a little while unwatched
By any guardian eye,

When sought again with anxious thought
It then could not be found
In nook or cranny anywhere
Wind-tossed upon the ground.

While, as regretful of her loss
The lady sadly sighs,
Across the lawn with busy haste
A mother robin flies.

A filmy web flows from her bill
And flutters in the breeze,
Then lace and robin disappear
Among the highest trees.

My lace, the robin has my lace,
The wondering lady cries,
Then, to regain her treasure lost,
For manly help she hies.

CHILD AND SPARROWS:

HALF a hundred lively sparrows
 Lighting on the city pave
Standing in the rain-filled hollows
 Little wiry claws to lave,

Flirt upon their russet plumage
 Tiny showers of shining drops,
All their dusty feathers rummage,
 Then adjust with little flops.

Now, a baby toddler sturdy
 Watching all this pretty play
Stoops to grasp a bright-eyed birdie,
 But the birdie flies away.

Still the youngster holds his project,
Chasing birdies one by one,
Scarce he seems to miss his object
While he toddles to a run.

But the birds elude him brightly,
Flying some and some with hops,
Till the bevy rising lightly
Reaches tree and chimney-tops.

Then the baby skyward blinking
Where they twitter far away,
Racks his little brain with thinking
Why the birdies flew away.

FLORA.

YON brook may sport with shining trout
And fallen catkins flirt about
From morn till even,
While, rippling on, the limpid stream
Doth catch and hold the sun-ray's gleam
Till dusk of even.

But, brooklet, with the close of day,
Comes Flora on her homeward way
At fall of even,
To dally with your waters fleet,
And mirror smiles and dimples sweet
At early even.

Then, brooklet, chase the silver trout,
The fallen catkins toss about,
 Till comes the even,
When Flora, wending home her way,
Will loiter by your side and stay
 To grace the even.

LOVE'S PROMISES.

SEE here, my dear,
What marvels here
Sly Love asserts to lure us.
A vow, a kiss,
A ring, and bliss
Untold he will assure us.

Methinks 'twere wise,
Unless he lies,
To trust the rogue's assuring.
A priest, a vow,
A ring, and now
A joy for life enduring.

TRUE LOVE.

ONE only love true lovers know,
One love, one object solely;
One love whence only joy can flow
Enwraps their being wholly.

CONTENT.

IN the circle of virtues is one esteemed small,
 Little heeded and little desired,
But of value so precious that grace among all
 Is a good to be sought and admired.

For, a treasure exhaustless, a gem without peer,
 Is that rarest of virtues, content;
And far sooner the planet will fall from the sphere
 Than the light of that jewel be spent.

Over poverty's waste, that expanse of despair,
 With a charm all celestial it glows,
And the bleak, rugged stretch of that desert grows
 fair
 In the brightness that over it flows.

THE FLAG OF OUR COUNTRY.

Now what are the little ones holding with pride
High up overhead as they march side by side?
'Tis the flag of our country, the red, white and blue,
Well loved and well fought for by brave men and
true.

'Tis the flag of our country, long, long may it
wave

Over patriots alive and at rest in the grave!
The flag of the Union, the red, white and blue,
Well fought for and died for by patriots true.

Let each bright little girl and each brave little boy
Count the stars on the flag with a heart full of joy;
For each State in the Union a star is in place,
Thirteen the first number, but many now grace,

The banner uplifted by good men and brave,
The flag which must never float over a slave—
The flag of our country, the land of the free,
Well known and well honored in lands beyond sea.

No wonder the little ones hold it with pride,
High up overhead as they march side by side.
The flag of the Union, the red, white and blue,
Well lived for and died for by patriots true.

'Tis the flag they will honor and cherish and hold,
The flag to be guarded with life-blood and gold.
The flag of our country, the red, white and blue,
Uplifted and died for by good men and true.

THE END

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